HORROR IN THE BLOOD VEIN

BOGEYMAN COMICS™

NO. 1. 35¢

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EDITOR: Gary E. Arlington

All Stories Written and
Illustrated by
Rory Hayes

The DOOR WAS ALWAYS KEPT LOCKED, AND NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT INSIDE LURKED....

The THING IN THE ROOM!

IT... IT CANT BE! AIIEEEEEEEEE!!!

R. HAYES

POOH RASS IS SUMMONED TO THE ESTATE OF MISS VERMO CITTACK.....

WEIRD LOOKING DAME, BUT A JOB'S A JOB!

YES, MR. RASS, I REQUIRE YOUR SERVICES AS A BUTLER, SINCE THIS HOUSE IS TO LARGE TO HANDLE BY MYSELF.

BUT THERE IS ONE THING I MUST WARN YOU ABOUT. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST YOU EVER TRY TO ENTER THAT ROOM!!!

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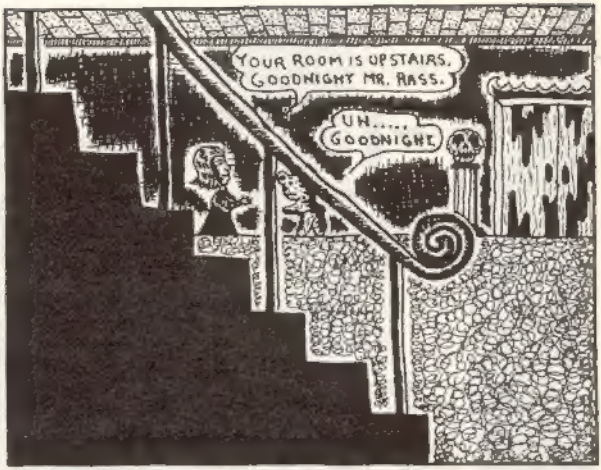
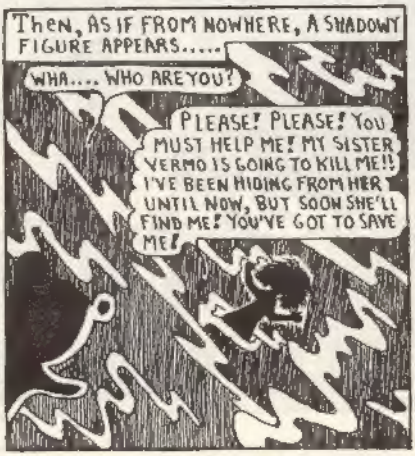
BUT WHY?
I... I CANNOT TELL YOU! JUST DO AS I SAY!!


YOUR ROOM IS UPSTAIRS, GOODNIGHT MR. RASS.
UH..... GOODNIGHT

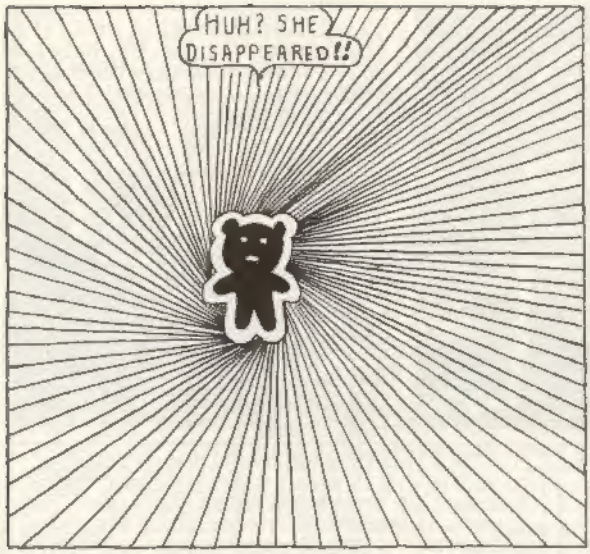
The DAYS PASS AS POOH GOES ABOUT HIS DUTIES AS BUTLER.

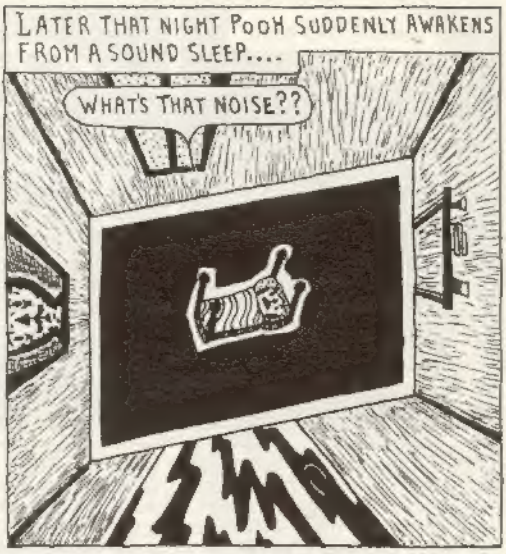

Then, AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A SHADOWY FIGURE APPEARS.....
WHA.... WHO ARE YOU!
PLEASE! PLEASE! YOU MUST HELP ME! MY SISTER VERMO IS GOING TO KILL ME!! I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM HER UNTIL NOW, BUT SOON SHE'LL FIND ME! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME!

BUT WHY WOULD SHE WANT TO KILL YOU? AND WHAT CAN I DO?
I OWN HALF OF THIS HOUSE AND MY SISTER WANTS ME OUT OF THE WAY SO SHE CAN OWN IT ALL!

BUT WHATS IN THERE?.....
HEY! WAIT!
AND THAT ROOM! THAT HORRID ROOM!!!! IF SHE FINDS ME SHE'LL PUT ME IN THERE!!!!! NO! NO! GAAAAAAAAA...

I DONT KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT I'D BETTER FOLLOW HER AND SEE WHERE SHE GOES.


HUH? SHE DISAPPEARED!!


LATER THAT NIGHT POOH SUDDENLY AWAKENS FROM A SOUND SLEEP....
WHAT'S THAT NOISE??

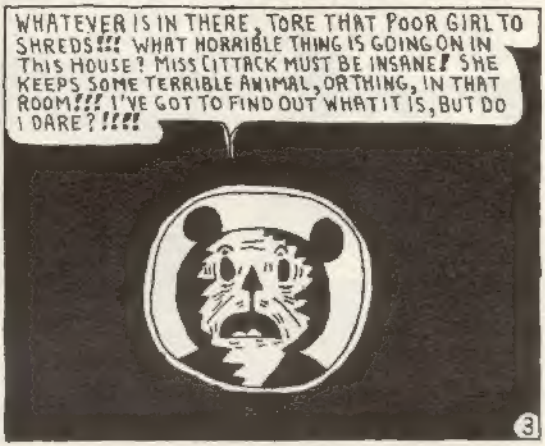
POOH BASS LEAVES HIS ROOM AND GOES TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.....
IT'S COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS!
OOOOOO....

THA...THAT GIRL! SHE'S GOING TOWARD THAT MYSTERIOUS ROOM AS IF SHE WERE HYPNOTIZED!! WHAT COULD BE IN THERE?

THE DOOR!
IT...IT....IT'S OPENING!!!
CREEEEAK....

AHHHHH!!
GURGLE....

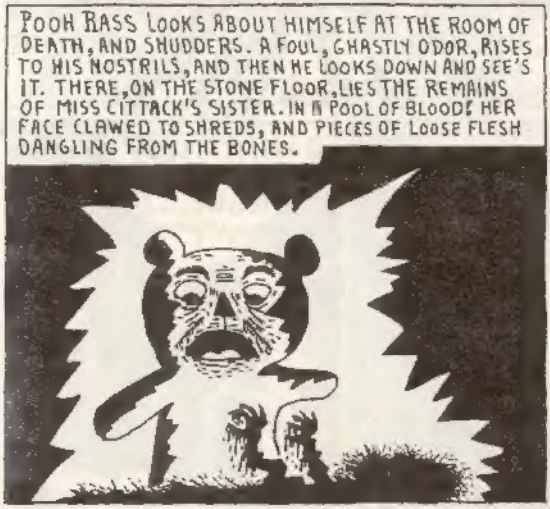
OH MY GOD!!
EEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!

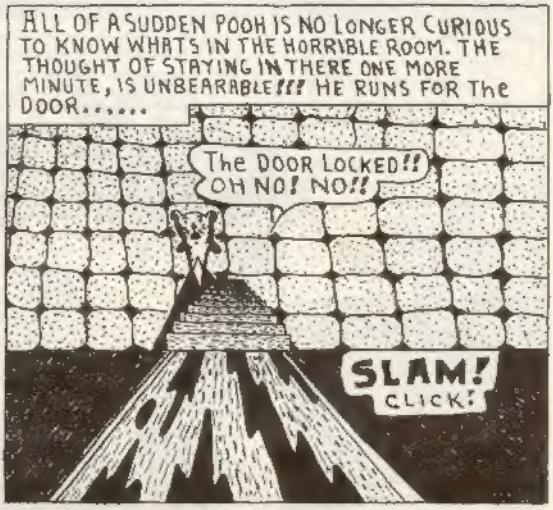

WHATEVER IS IN THERE, TORE THAT POOR GIRL TO SHREDS!!! WHAT HORRIBLE THING IS GOING ON IN THIS HOUSE? MISS CITTACK MUST BE INSANE! SHE KEEPS SOME TERRIBLE ANIMAL, OR THING, IN THAT ROOM!!! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, BUT DO I DARE?!!!!

IT'S QUIET IN THERE NOW.

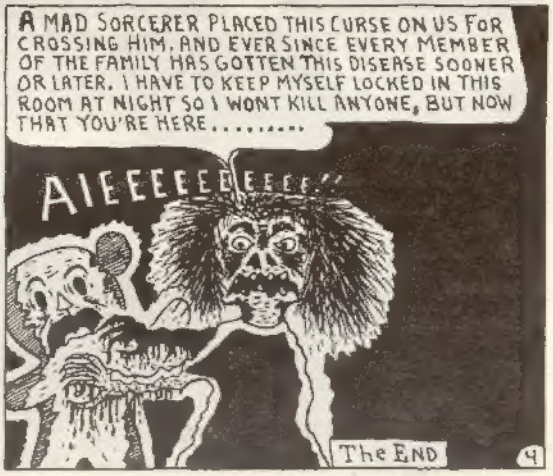
CREEEEAK....

SKELETONS! SKULLS! DRIED UP BLOOD! GAD! IT LOOKS LIKE OVER A DOZEN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MURDERED IN HERE!


POOH RASS LOOKS ABOUT HIMSELF AT THE ROOM OF DEATH, AND SHUDDERS. A FOUL, GHASTLY ODOR, RISES TO HIS NOSTRILS, AND THEN HE LOOKS DOWN AND SEE'S IT. THERE, ON THE STONE FLOOR, LIES THE REMAINS OF MISS CITTACK'S SISTER. IN A POOL OF BLOOD! HER FACE CLAWED TO SHREDS, AND PIECES OF LOOSE FLESH DANGLING FROM THE BONES.


ALL OF A SUDDEN POOH IS NO LONGER CURIOUS TO KNOW WHATS IN THE HORRIBLE ROOM. THE THOUGHT OF STAYING IN THERE ONE MORE MINUTE, IS UNBEARABLE!!! HE RUNS FOR THE DOOR.....
THE DOOR LOCKED!! OH NO! NO!!
SLAM! CLICK!

UH..... GAAAA!!! MISS CITTACK! WHAT TH.....
YES MR. RASS. YOU COULD'NT MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND STAY OUT OF HERE, COULD YOU!! WELL, NOW YOU WILL KNOW EVERYTHING! ALL THROUGH THE CENTURIES MY ANCESTORS GOT THIS DEADLY DISEASE.


A MAD SORCERER PLACED THIS CURSE ON US FOR CROSSING HIM. AND EVER SINCE EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HAS GOTTEN THIS DISEASE SOONER OR LATER. I HAVE TO KEEP MYSELF LOCKED IN THIS ROOM AT NIGHT SO I WONT KILL ANYONE, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE.....
AIEEEEEEEEEEE!!
THE END

The SCENE: The OCULAR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH LABORATORIES. TED STECK, WELL KNOWN SCIENTIST, WORKS ON AN IMPORTANT RADIATION EXPERIMENT, LITTLE SUSPECTING THE HORROR THAT LIES AHEAD.....

BITS OF FLESH!

IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS OUT RIGHT I WILL AT LAST RECIEVE MY PROMOTION AS HEAD OF OCULAR LABORATORIES, AND WILL BE ABLE TO DO THINGS MY OWN WAY, AND RUN THINGS HOW I WISH!

XXXX DANGER!! HIGH VOLTAGE

R. YATES

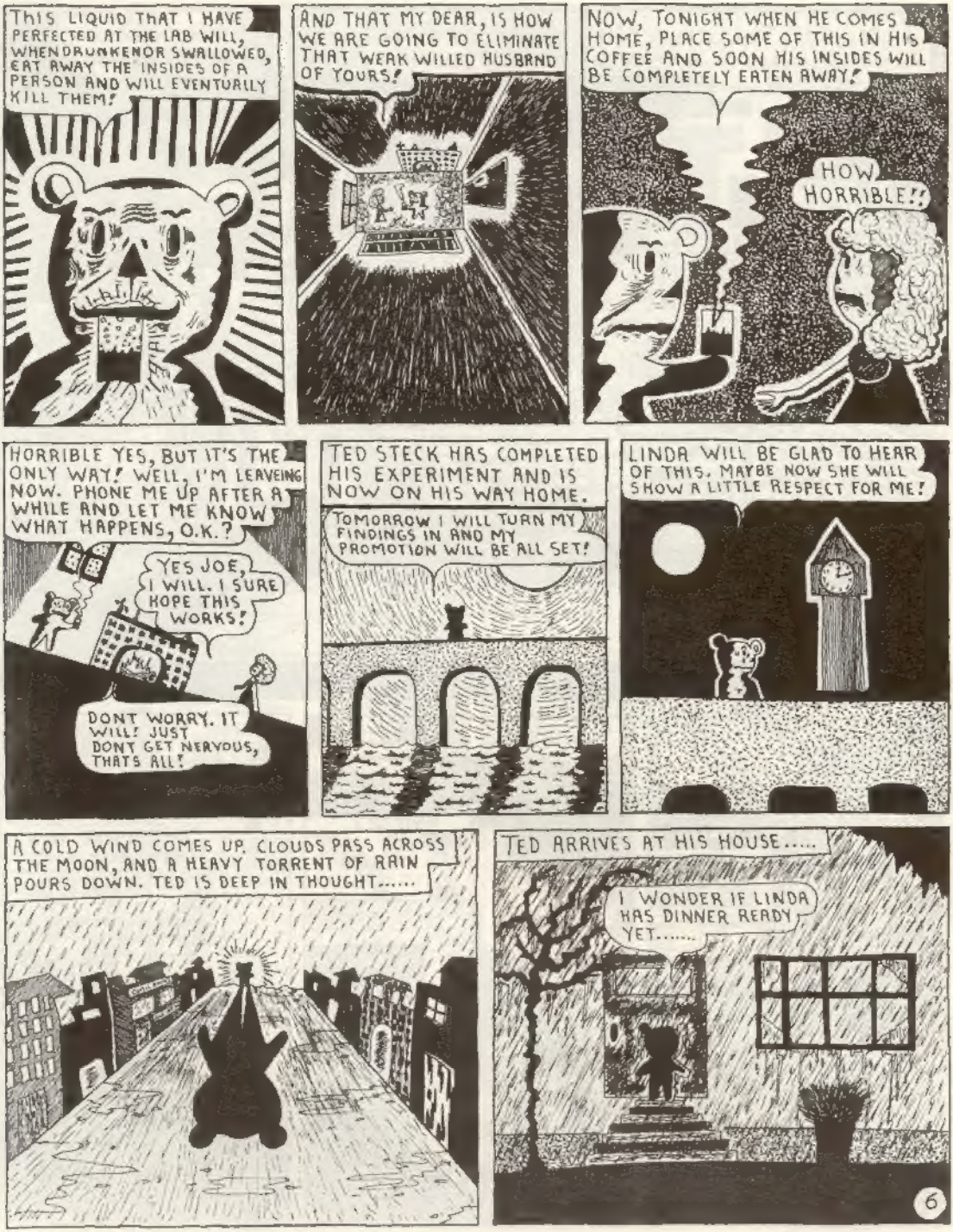
BEFORE I START THE EXPERIMENT I MUST PUT ON THIS PROTECTIVE HELMET WHICH WILL SHIELD ME FROM THE RADIATION RAYS.

OCULAR LABS

IT WORKS!! IT WORKS!!!!

HOWEVER, TED IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TRYING TO BE HEAD OF OCULAR LABORATORIES. JOE MEAD TALKS WITH LINDA, TED'S WIFE, AT HER HOME.

FOR YEARS NOW WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET RID OF THAT STUPID HUSBAND OF YOURS LINDA. AT LAST I HAVE INVENTED THE PERFECT SOLUTION!!!


THIS LIQUID THAT I HAVE PERFECTED AT THE LAB WILL, WHEN DRUNK ENOR SWALLOWED, EAT AWAY THE INSIDES OF A PERSON AND WILL EVENTURLLY KILL THEM!
AND THAT MY DEAR, IS HOW WE ARE GOING TO ELIMINATE THAT WEAK WILLED HUSBRND OF YOURS!
NOW, TONIGHT WHEN HE COMES HOME, PLACE SOME OF THIS IN HIS COFFEE AND SOON HIS INSIDES WILL BE COMPLETELY EATEN AWAY!
HOW HORRIBLE!!
HORRIBLE YES, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! WELL, I'M LEAVEING NOW. PHONE ME UP AFTER A WHILE AND LET ME KNOW WHAT HAPPENS, O.K.?
YES JOE, I WILL. I SURE HOPE THIS WORKS!
DONT WORRY. IT WILL! JUST DONT GET NERVOUS, THATS ALL!
TED STECK HAS COMPLETED HIS EXPERIMENT AND IS NOW ON HIS WAY HOME.
TOMORROW I WILL TURN MY FINDINGS IN AND MY PROMOTION WILL BE ALL SET!
LINDA WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF THIS. MAYBE NOW SHE WILL SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT FOR ME!
A COLD WIND COMES UP. CLOUDS PASS ACROSS THE MOON, AND A HEAVY TORRENT OF RAIN POURS DOWN. TED IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.....
TED ARRIVES AT HIS HOUSE.....
I WONDER IF LINDA HAS DINNER READY YET.....

TED STECK TELLS HIS WIFE OF HIS EXPERIMENT AND HIS CHANCES OF A PROMOTION. SHE LISTENS AND ACTS HAPPY, BUT IN HER MIND OTHER THOUGHTS ARE FORMING.

YOU WONT BE AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO ENJOY THAT PROMOTION, SAP!

TED SEATS HIMSELF AT THE DINING TABLE AS LINDA GOES INTO THE KITCHEN TO PREPARE THE EVENING MEAL. SHE IS NERVOUS, BUT DETERMINED.

JOE SAID THAT THE SOLUTION SHOULD START EATING AWAY AT TED'S INSIDES ABOUT 20 MINUTES AFTER HE DIGESTS IT!

SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY LINDA POURS THE DEADLY LIQUID INTO A CUP OF BLACK COFFEE.....

AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER JOE AND I CAN RUN THIS HOUSE AND COLLECT ALL THE INSURANCE MONEY FROM TED'S DEATH.

LINDA RETURNS TO THE TABLE AND SETS THE COFFEE DOWN IN FRONT OF TED. TENSELY SHE WATCHES HIM AS HE BRINGS THE CUP TO HIS LIPS AND GULPS THE HOT LIQUID DOWN!

DRINK IT ALL DEAR, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

TED FINISHES THE COFFEE AND STARTS EATING. THE MINUTES TICK BY. SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY! 20....15....10...5... LINDA'S FACE BREAKS OUT WITH SWEAT.

WHY THE X#+3X!!* DOES'NT THAT STUFF HURRY UP AND WORK!!!!

THEN SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS DEATHLY QUIET. THEN THERE IS A LOUD, SHRIEKING, TORTURED SCREAM!

AIEEEEEEEEE!!!

TED! WHATS WRONG!

I.....

GAAAAA!!

OOOOOO..... LINDA... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME..... MY FACE!! AHHHH!!

LINDA STARES IN HORROR AT HER HUSBAND. HIS FACE HAS BECOME CRACKED AND DRY, AND LITTLE BITS OF FLESH DROP TO THE TABLE. THE SOLUTION DID'NT WORK AS PLANNED, AND NOW THE THING THAT WAS ONCE TED STECK RISES AND STAGGERS TOWARD LINDA.....

NO! STAY AWAY!!!

YOU... YOU DID SOMETHING TO THAT COFFEE! OOOOO.....

TED STECK FALLS TO THE FLOOR. A MASS OF BLOATED, CRACKED, DECAYING FLESH!

CHOKE.....

HORRIFIED, LINDA RUNS FROM THE HOUSE OUT INTO THE RAINY, WINDSWEPT NIGHT.

I...I MUST....FIND JOE! TELL HIM.... WHAT HAPPENED! OH LORD! THIS IS HORRIBLE!!! I....I THINK I'M GOING ....TO BE SICK!

A STRONG WIND COMES UP AND LINDA IS BLOWN ABOUT SO MUCH THAT SHE LOSES HER WAY.

HELP ME SOMEBODY!

THEN, AFTER WHAT SEEMS HOURS, SHE SEE'S IT. JOE'S HOUSE!

AT LAST! AT LAST!

URGENTLY LINDA BANGS ON THE DOOR. JOE ANSWERS AND SHE TELLS HIM WHAT HAPPENED.

C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE! HURRY!!

I...I'M AFRAID.

JOE AND LINDA MAKE THEIR WAY BACK THRU THE FURY OF THE SLASHING RAIN TO THE DARK, EERIE HOUSE. EVERYTHING IS STILL AND QUIET.

THEY ENTER THE DINING ROOM AND STOP SHORT, IN HORROR! ALL ABOUT ARE SCATTERED LITTLE BITS AND CHUNKS OF TED'S FLESH.....

GASP! CHOKE.....

B... BUT WHERES TED?

WAIT! I....I HEAR SOMETHING!

FOOTSTEPS.... COMING TOWARDS US!

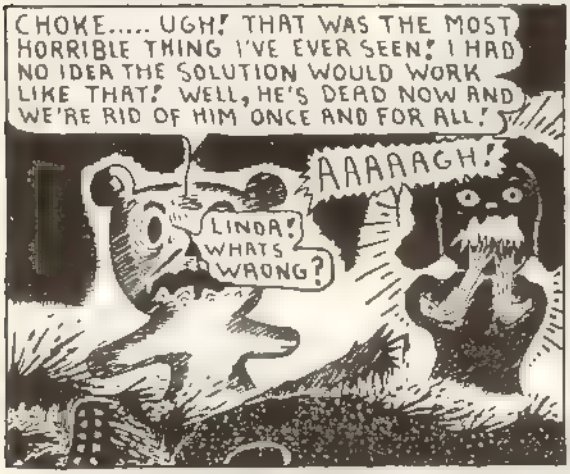
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER.....

AND CLOSER!!

The DOOR OF THE ROOM SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN AND THERE STANDS THE DECOMPOSED FIGURE OF TED STECK. IT STAGGERS TOWARD JOE AND LINDA, STRANGE, CRACKED SOUNDS, COMING FROM IT'S DECAYED THROAT....
GOOD LORD!!
GAAAAA!!

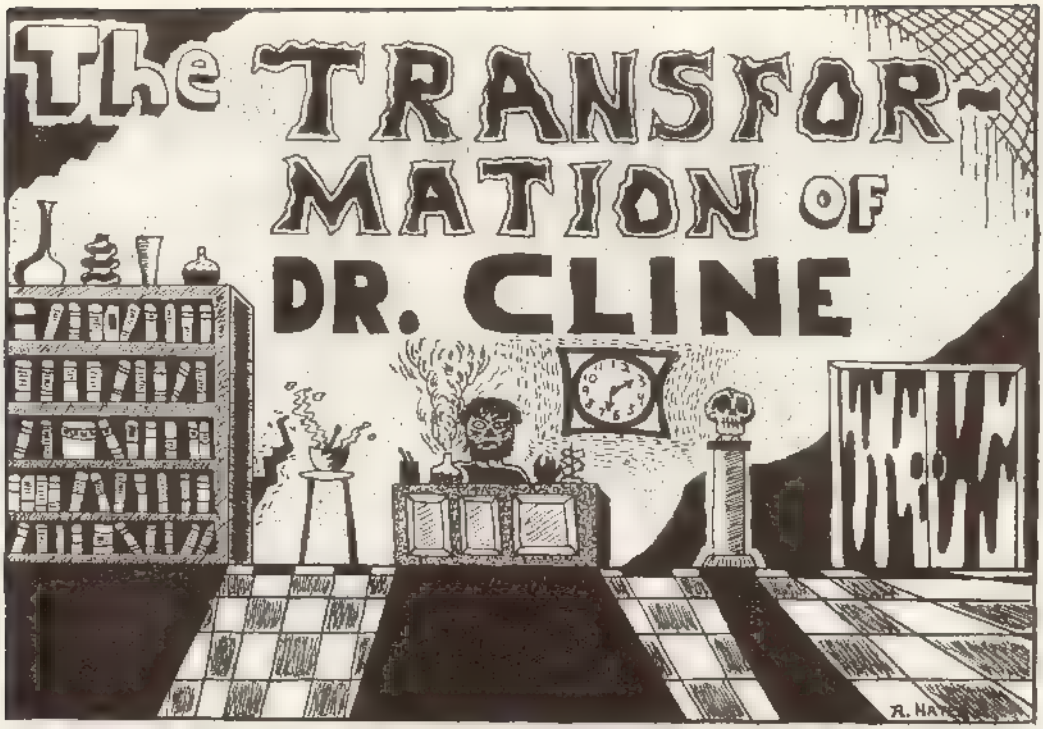
K....K.. KEEP AWAY FROM US!!

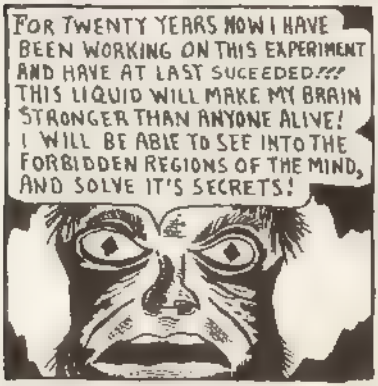
SUDDENLY THE ROTTED CREATURE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND, DEAD!
GASP!


CHOKE..... UGH! THAT WAS THE MOST HORRIBLE THING I'VE EVER SEEN! I HAD NO IDEA THE SOLUTION WOULD WORK LIKE THAT! WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW AND WE'RE RID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AAAAAGH!
LINDA! WHATS WRONG?

WHAT A FOOL I WAS! I DID'NT REALIZE THAT BEING NEAR TED, AND BEING EXPOSED TO HIM, CAUSED US ALSO TO ROT AWAY!!! AIEEEEEEE!!!!!
THE END

The TRANSFORMATION OF DR. CLINE





THAT HUGE SKULL..... WHERE DID IT COME FROM? AND WHY AM I HERE? I DONT SEEM TO HAVE ANY OF MY SENSES OF TOUCH, OR AWARENESS. IT'S AS IF I WAS EXISTING IN A VOID WHERE I DONT BELONG!

THAT LIGHT... IT'S GETTING BRIGHTER.... PULLING ME TOWARDS IT....

WHAT I'M SEEKING LIES INSIDE THE SKULL. I KNOW IT DOES!

IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT..... UHHHH!!! WHATS HAPPENING?

EVERYTHING DISAPPEARED! I'M FLOATING IN DARKNESS!

SLOWLY DR. CLINE COMES OUT OF The UNREAL TRANCE HE WAS IN.....

IT'S FANTASTIC! I KNOW THINGS NOW ABOUT THE MIND THAT NO OTHER LIVING PERSON EVER HAS!!!

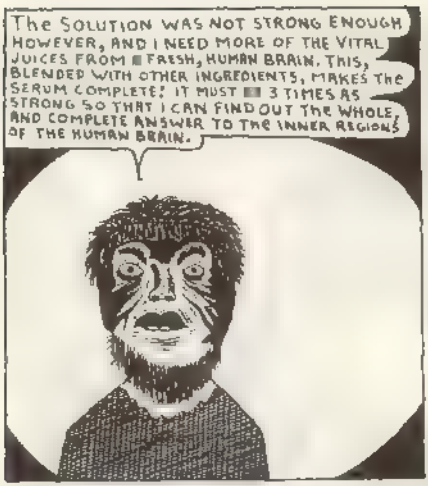
I MUST WRITE DOWN MY FINDINGS IN MY DIARY OF NOTES.

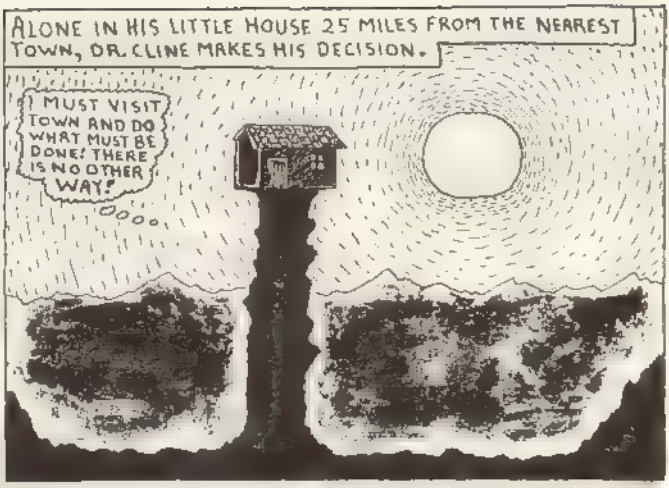
SEPTEMBER 28, 1948

Today of trial the experiment for the first time. The results were more than

NOTES ON THEORY X

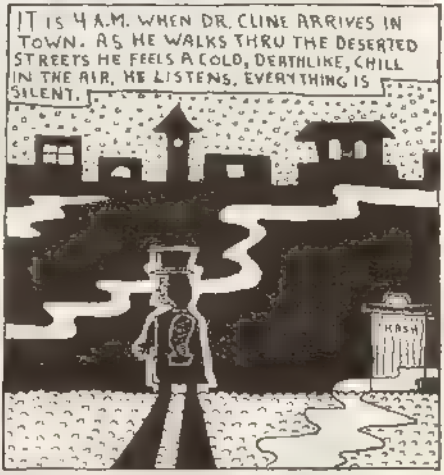
To properly explain exactly what I want to say I must first of all point out that the results of the X project were extremely more than of thought. First of all, the hydrate known in scientific fields solution Y-2000 is not what it claims to be. not contains preservation with in it, but is instead a mixture of hormones. H I SOLIUM 2000. This combination of chemicals tends to sep-

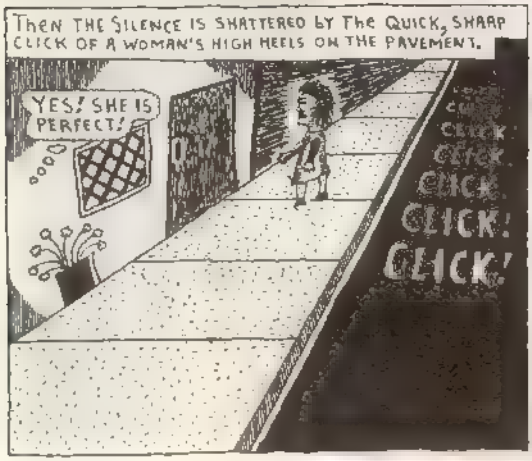

The SOLUTION WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH HOWEVER, AND I NEED MORE OF THE VITAL JUICES FROM FRESH, HUMAN BRAIN. THIS, BLENDED WITH OTHER INGREDIENTS, MAKES THE SERUM COMPLETE! IT MUST 3 TIMES AS STRONG SO THAT I CAN FIND OUT THE WHOLE, AND COMPLETE ANSWER TO THE INNER REGIONS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.


ALONE IN HIS LITTLE HOUSE 25 MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN, DR. CLINE MAKES HIS DECISION.
I MUST VISIT TOWN AND DO WHAT MUST BE DONE! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY!

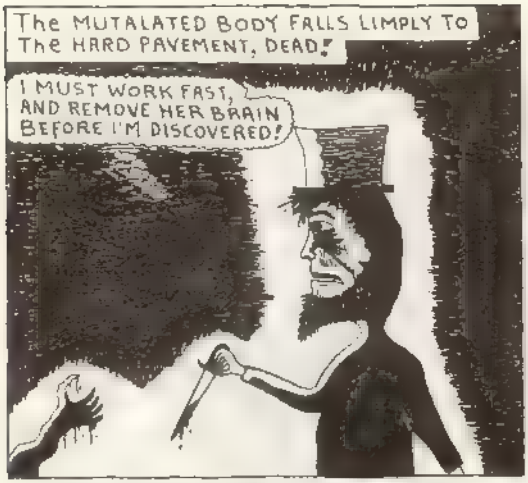
DR. CLINE LETS DOWN A ROPE LADDER AND GOES TO THE GROUND.

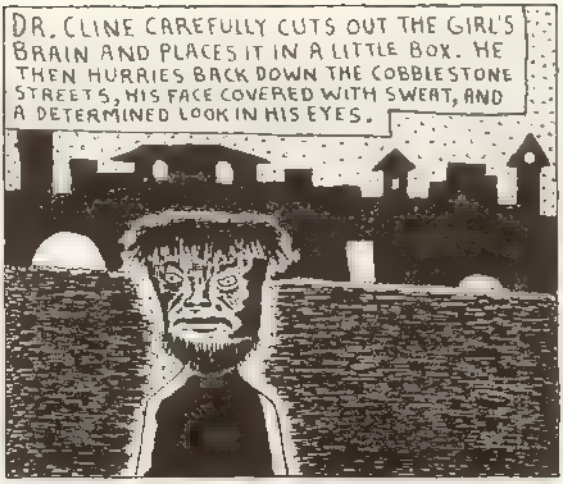
IT MUST BE A YOUNG, HEALTHY BRAIN.... A GIRL PERHAPS.....


IT IS 4 A.M. WHEN DR. CLINE ARRIVES IN TOWN. AS HE WALKS THRU THE DESERTED STREETS HE FEELS A COLD, DEATHLIKE, CHILL IN THE AIR. HE LISTENS. EVERYTHING IS SILENT.
HASH

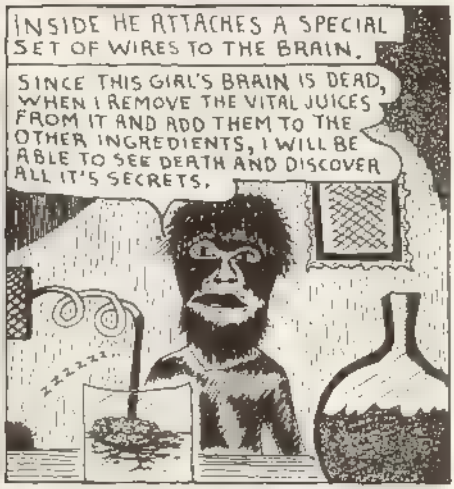

THEN THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE QUICK, SHARP CLICK OF A WOMAN'S HIGH HEELS ON THE PAVEMENT.
YES! SHE IS PERFECT!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

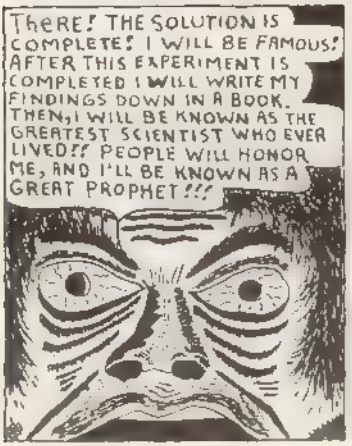
AIEEEEEEE!


The MUTALATED BODY FALLS LIMPLY TO The HARD PAVEMENT, DEAD!
I MUST WORK FAST, AND REMOVE HER BRAIN BEFORE I'M DISCOVERED!

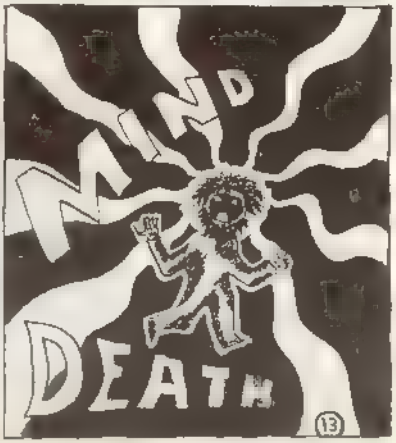

DR. CLINE CAREFULLY CUTS OUT THE GIRL'S BRAIN AND PLACES IT IN A LITTLE BOX. HE THEN HURRIES BACK DOWN THE COBBLESTONE STREETS, HIS FACE COVERED WITH SWEAT, AND A DETERMINED LOOK IN HIS EYES.

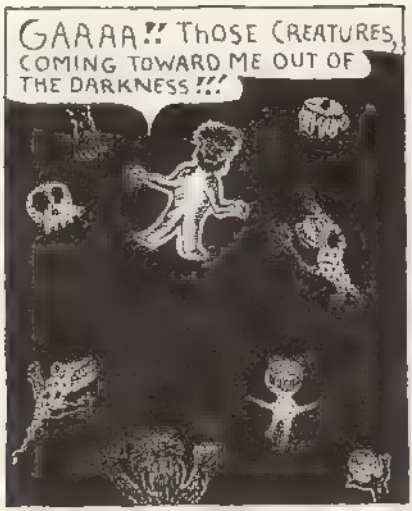
SOON DR. CLINE ARRIVES AT HIS SECRET LABORATORY.


INSIDE HE ATTACHES A SPECIAL SET OF WIRES TO THE BRAIN.
SINCE THIS GIRL'S BRAIN IS DEAD, WHEN I REMOVE THE VITAL JUICES FROM IT AND ADD THEM TO THE OTHER INGREDIENTS, I WILL BE ABLE TO SEE DEATH AND DISCOVER ALL IT'S SECRETS.
ZZZZZZ

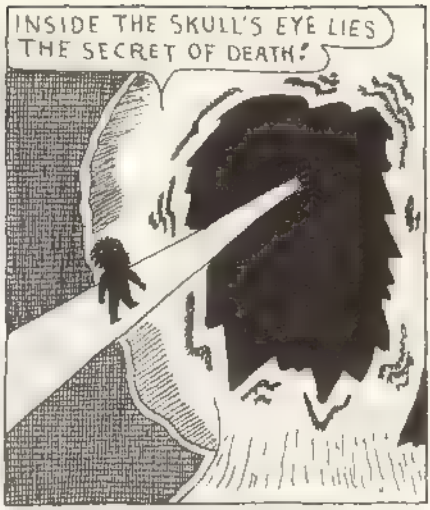

There! THE SOLUTION IS COMPLETE! I WILL BE FAMOUS! AFTER THIS EXPERIMENT IS COMPLETED I WILL WRITE MY FINDINGS DOWN IN A BOOK. THEN, I WILL BE KNOWN AS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST WHO EVER LIVED!! PEOPLE WILL HONOR ME, AND I'LL BE KNOWN AS A GREAT PROPHET!!!

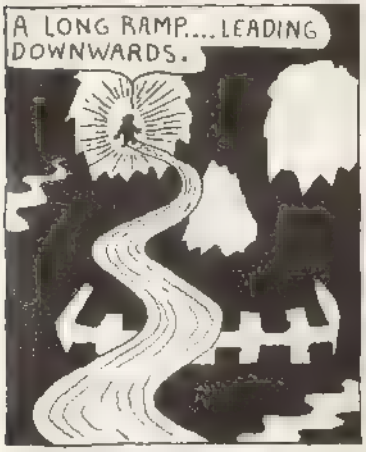
SHAKING WITH ANTICIPATION, DR. CLINE BRINGS THE GLASS TO HIS LIPS.....
WELL, HERE GOES!


MIND
DEATH

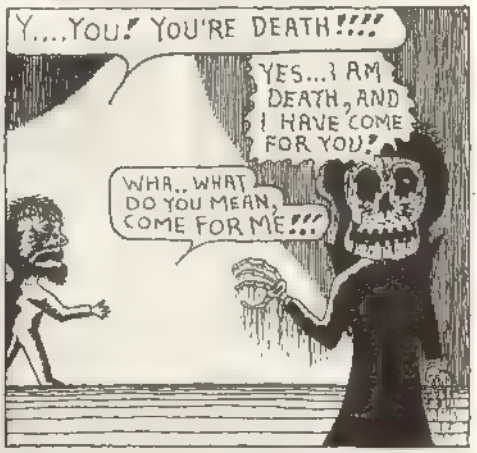

GARAA!! THOSE CREATURES, COMING TOWARD ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS!!!

The SKULL!

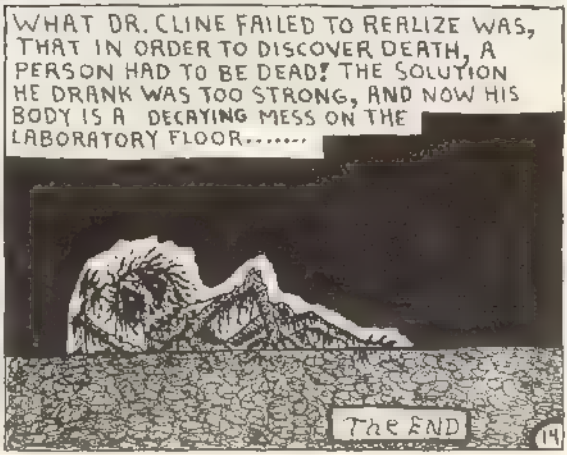

INSIDE THE SKULL'S EYE LIES THE SECRET OF DEATH!


A LONG RAMP.... LEADING DOWNWARDS.

WHATS HAPPENING TO ME???


Y....YOU! YOU'RE DEATH!!!!
YES...I AM DEATH, AND I HAVE COME FOR YOU!
WHA.. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, COME FOR ME!!!

HAVENT YOU GUESSED YET? YOU ARE DEAD!!
NO! NO!
IT CANT BE! LET ME OUT OF HERE! WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG WITH THE EXPERIMENT?


WHAT DR. CLINE FAILED TO REALIZE WAS, THAT IN ORDER TO DISCOVER DEATH, A PERSON HAD TO BE DEAD! THE SOLUTION HE DRANK WAS TOO STRONG, AND NOW HIS BODY IS A DECAYING MESS ON THE LABORATORY FLOOR.....
The END

IT IS 1:30 IN THE MORNING AND EVERYTHING IS STILL AND QUIET. THE FOOTSTEPS OF A LONE BEAR SUDDENLY DISTURB THE SILENCE AS HE WALKS DOWN THE STEPS OF A SUBWAY STATION.....

THE CREATURES IN THE TUNNELS

THOSE WERE GOOD HORROR MOVIES, BUT I DID'NT REALIZE HOW LATE IT WAS. AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING I WONT GET HOME UNTIL 3:0 CLOCK!

A-TRAIN TO 59TH ST.
B-TRAIN TO QUEENS AND GRAND CENTRAL STATION

TOKENS-20¢

THE BLOOD MONSTER

R. HAYES

The BEAR LOOKS ABOUT HIMSELF. HE IS COMPLETELY ALONE.

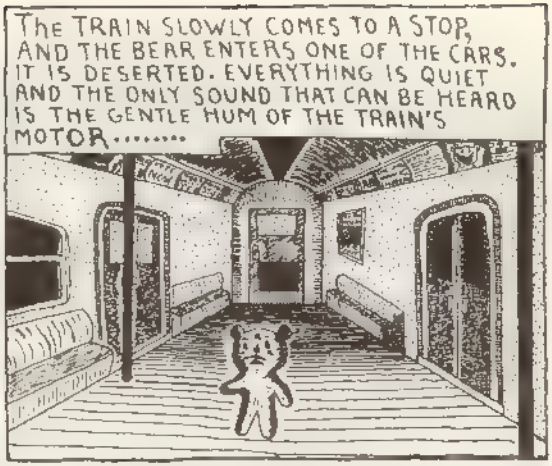
I HOPE THE TRAIN COMES PRETTY SOON. IT'S SORT OF CREEPY HERE!

THE WOLF

ANOTHER DULL NIGHT. I'LL GO HOME, GO TO SLEEP, GET UP, GO TO WORK, SAME OLD ROUTINE DAY AFTER DAY!!

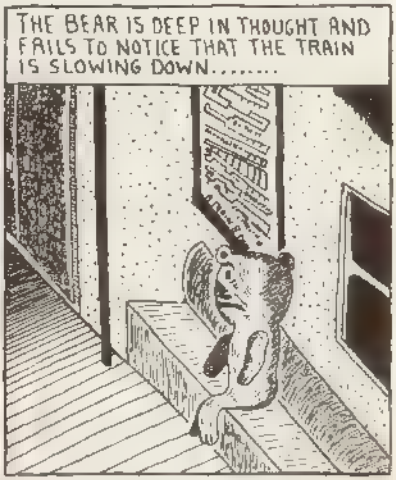
BOGEY MAN

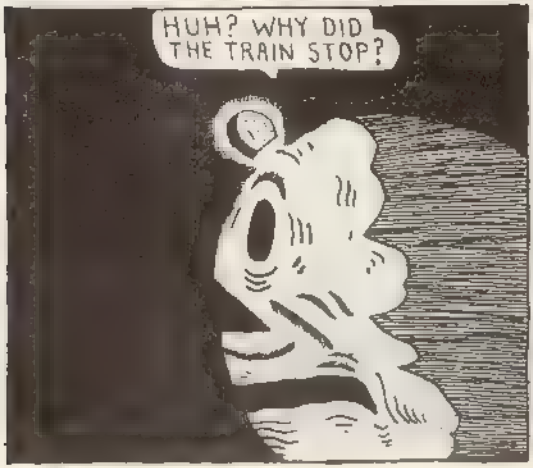
AHH.... HERE COMES A TRAIN.

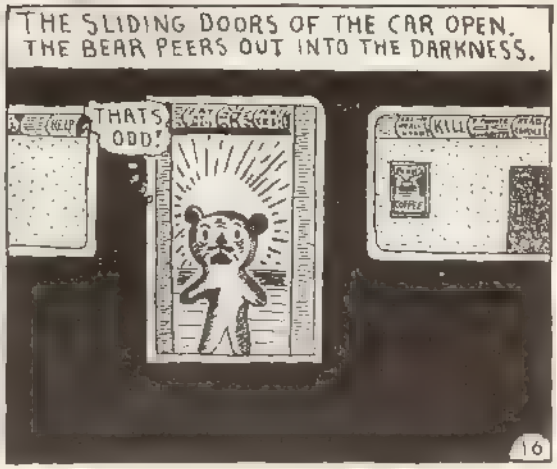

THE TRAIN SLOWLY COMES TO A STOP, AND THE BEAR ENTERS ONE OF THE CARS. IT IS DESERTED. EVERYTHING IS QUIET AND THE ONLY SOUND THAT CAN BE HEARD IS THE GENTLE HUM OF THE TRAIN'S MOTOR.....

THE TRAIN PICKS UP SPEED AND VANISHES DOWN ONE OF THE DARK SUBWAY TUNNELS.
HO HUM.

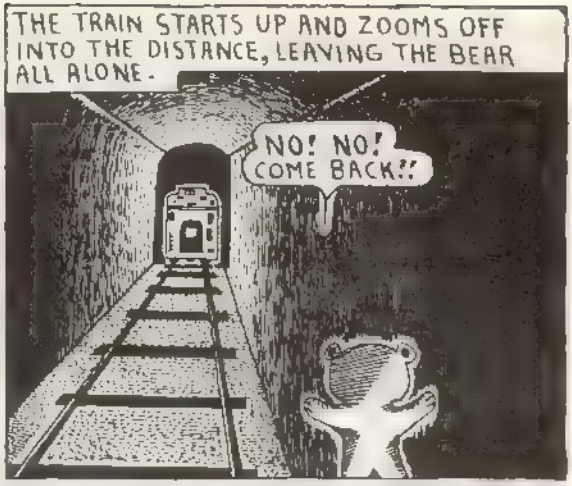
THE BEAR STARES OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE BLACKNESS. LITTLE FLICKERS OF LIGHT WHIZ PAST.....

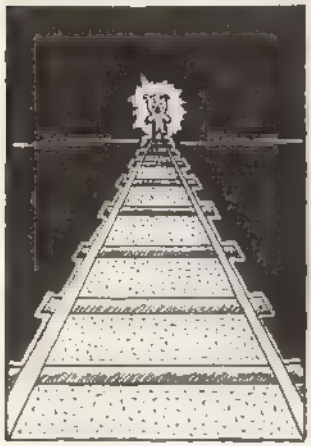

THE BEAR IS DEEP IN THOUGHT AND FAILS TO NOTICE THAT THE TRAIN IS SLOWING DOWN.....

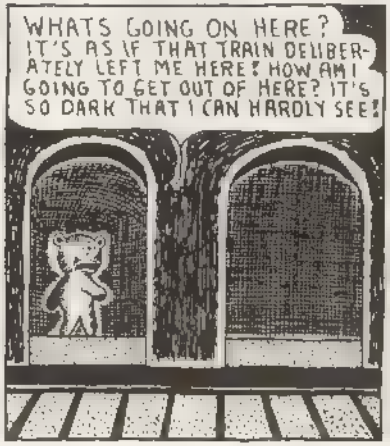

HUH? WHY DID THE TRAIN STOP?


THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE CAR OPEN. THE BEAR PEERS OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.
THATS ODD!
HELP
COFFEE

THE TRAIN JERKS, THE BEAR LOSES HIS BALANCE AND PLUNGES INTO THE WAITING BLACKNESS.....
B TRAIN
UH...
HAVE A HEADA TAKE
CRACK PILLS
$3.00

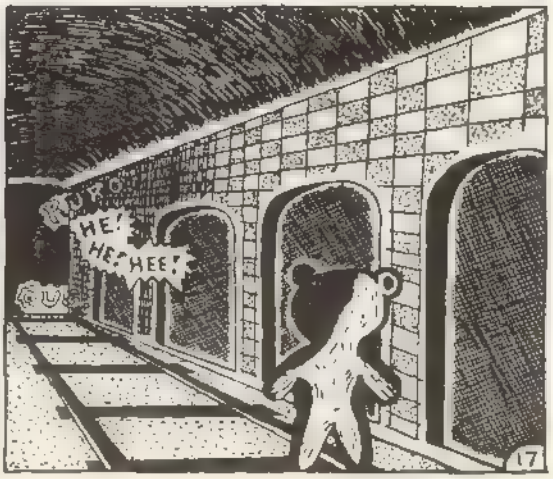

THE TRAIN STARTS UP AND ZOOMS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, LEAVING THE BEAR ALL ALONE.
NO! NO! COME BACK!!



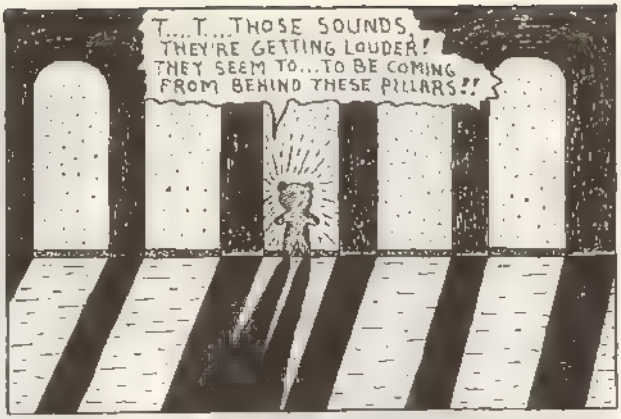

WHATS GOING ON HERE? IT'S AS IF THAT TRAIN DELIBERATELY LEFT ME HERE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE? IT'S SO DARK THAT I CAN HARDLY SEE!

I'M SCARED.

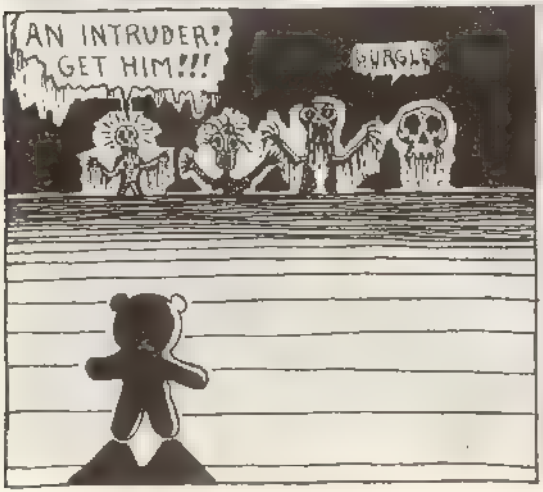
I HOPE A TRAIN DOES'NT HIT ME!
UH! WHATS THAT NOISE?


HE! HE! HEE!

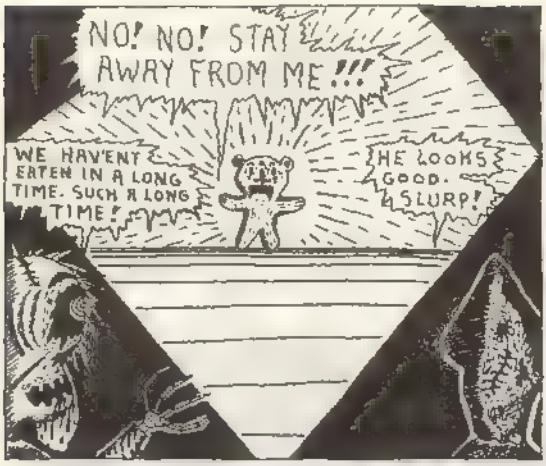
GOOD LORD!!!!


T....T....THOSE SOUNDS, THEY'RE GETTING LOUDER! THEY SEEM TO...TO BE COMING FROM BEHIND THESE PILLARS!!

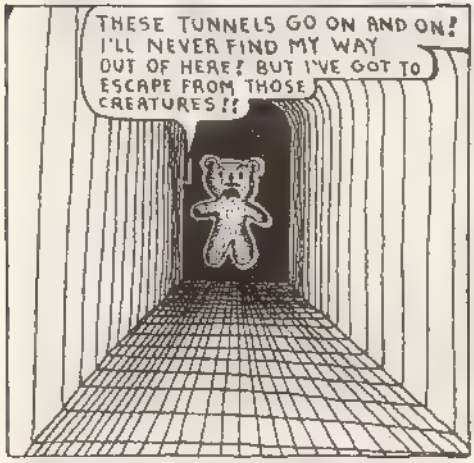
YAAAAAH!!!!!
GURGLE


AN INTRUDER! GET HIM!!!
GURGLE

COME TO US BEAR. WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU!


NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME!!!
WE HAVENT EATEN IN A LONG TIME. SUCH A LONG TIME!
HE LOOKS GOOD. SLURP!

THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
COME BACK HERE BEAR! WE'RE HUNGRY!!


THESE TUNNELS GO ON AND ON! I'LL NEVER FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE! BUT I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE FROM THOSE CREATURES!!

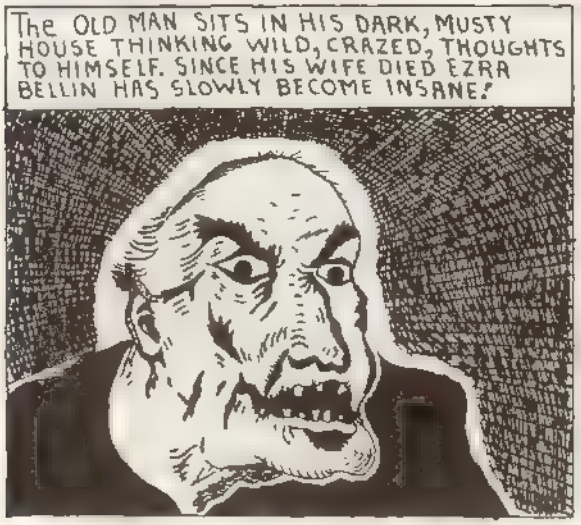
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER!

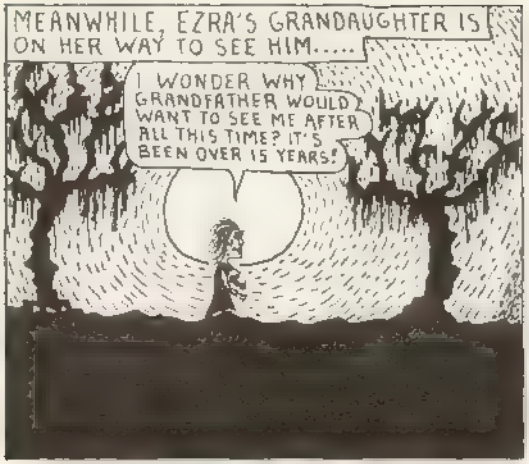
SLURP!
GURGLE....
GASP!

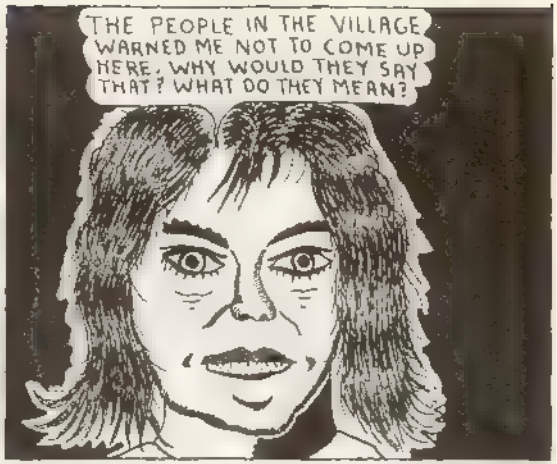
AIIEEEEEEEEE!
THE END

WHEN HIS WIFE HAD PASSED AWAY OLD EZRA BELLIN HAD SHUT HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD. AS THE YEARS PASSED PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE BEGAN TO TALK, AND WHISPER ABOUT OLD EZRA AND HOW HE HAD'NT BEEN SEEN OUT OF HIS DECAYING OLD HOUSE IN 10 YEARS! SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD, BUT OTHERS KNEW BETTER.....

THE OLD MAN

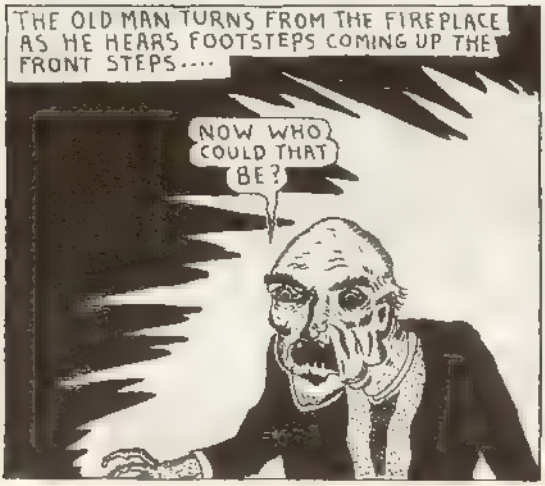



MEANWHILE, EZRA'S GRANDAUGHTER IS ON HER WAY TO SEE HIM.....
I WONDER WHY GRANDFATHER WOULD WANT TO SEE ME AFTER ALL THIS TIME? IT'S BEEN OVER 15 YEARS!


THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE WARNED ME NOT TO COME UP HERE. WHY WOULD THEY SAY THAT? WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

I'VE NO IDEA WHAT TO EXPECT. SOME PEOPLE HAVE SAID HE'S CRAZY, BUT I DONT THINK SO. HE JUST WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE, I THINK.

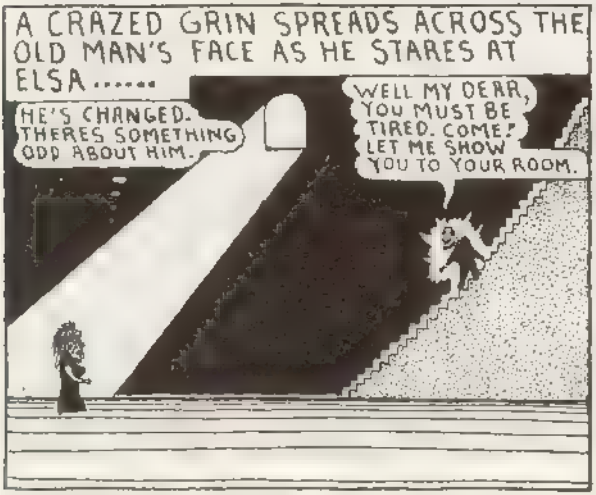
WELL, HERE I AM!

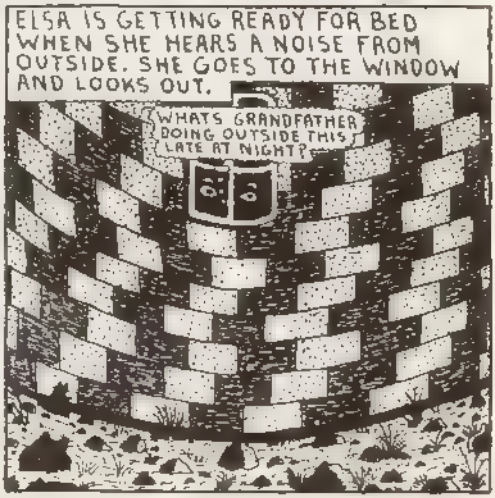

THE OLD MAN TURNS FROM THE FIREPLACE AS HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE FRONT STEPS....
NOW WHO COULD THAT BE?

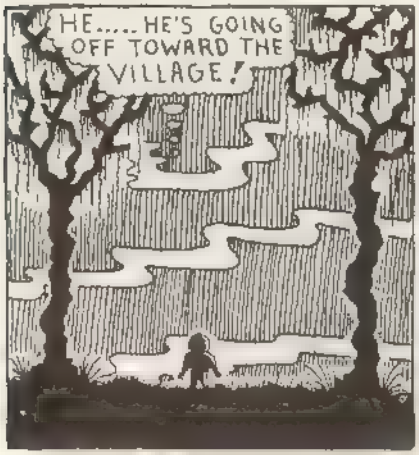
THE GIRL RAPS LIGHTLY ON THE HEAVY WOOD DOOR. SLOWLY IT CREAKS OPEN A CRACK, AND THE OLD MAN PEERS OUT.
WHO....WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'M YOUR GRANDAUGHTER, ELSA.

THE OLD MAN LEADS ELSA INTO A DUSTY, DARK, GLOOMY HALLWAY.
AH! YES MY DEAR. COME IN! COME IN!

IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER THAT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE... UH.... VISIT. YOU KNOW, GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER AGAIN.
YOU LOOK WELL, GRANDFATHER.


A CRAZED GRIN SPREADS ACROSS THE OLD MAN'S FACE AS HE STARES AT ELSA.....
HE'S CHANGED. THERES SOMETHING ODD ABOUT HIM.
WELL MY DEAR, YOU MUST BE TIRED. COME! LET ME SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.

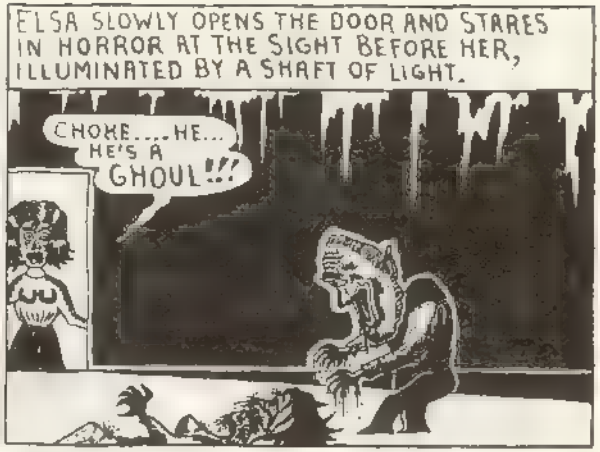

ELSA IS GETTING READY FOR BED WHEN SHE HEARS A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE. SHE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.
WHATS GRANDFATHER DOING OUTSIDE THIS LATE AT NIGHT?


HE..... HE'S GOING OFF TOWARD THE VILLAGE!

HOURS LATER ELSA AWAKENS FROM A RESTLESS SLEEP.
THE FRONT DOOR! IT... IT'S OPENING!

GRANDFATHER IS BACK!

ELSA HEARS HER GRANDFATHER DRAG SOMETHING IN A ROOM AND SLAM THE DOOR. SHE DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE....
HE...HE WENT IN THAT DOOR DOWN THERE!


ELSA SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR AND STARES IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HER, ILLUMINATED BY A SHAFT OF LIGHT.
CHOKE....HE... HE'S A GHOUL!!!

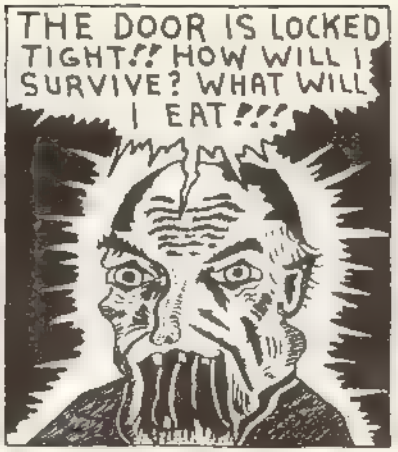
OLD EZRA TURNS FROM THE HALF EATEN CORPSE ON THE FLOOR AND GLARES AT HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.
YOU'RE NEXT MY DEAR.

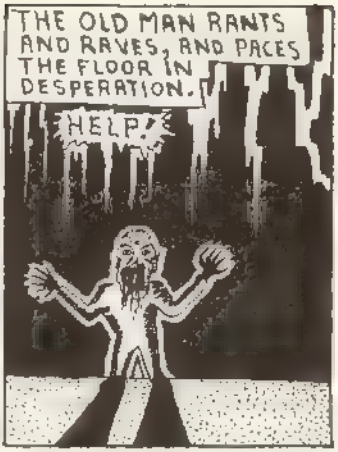
THE GIRL SCREAMS AS THE OLD MAN STAGGERS TOWARD HER, SLIME DRIPPING FROM HIS MOUTH.
GASP!

ELSA REGAINS HER SENSES AND RUNS FROM THE ROOM, LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

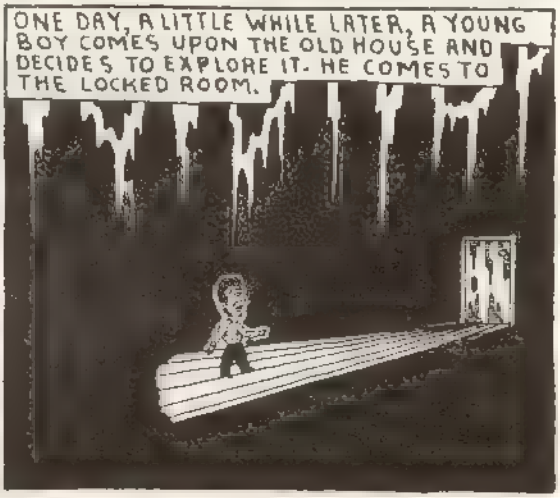
GASP! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!

COME BACK! YOU CANT LEAVE ME HERE!!!

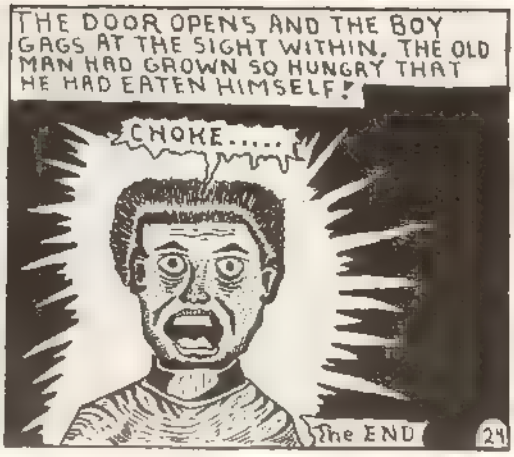

THE DOOR IS LOCKED TIGHT!! HOW WILL I SURVIVE? WHAT WILL I EAT!!!


THE OLD MAN RANTS AND RAVES, AND PACES THE FLOOR IN DESPERATION.
HELP!

THE DAYS PASS, THEN WEEKS, THEN MONTHS, AND GRADUALLY THE SHOUTING AND HOLLERING OF OLD EZRA BELLIN STOPS AND EVERYTHING IS QUIET.


ONE DAY, A LITTLE WHILE LATER, A YOUNG BOY COMES UPON THE OLD HOUSE AND DECIDES TO EXPLORE IT. HE COMES TO THE LOCKED ROOM.

The BOY TUGS AT THE LATCH ON THE DOOR.....
GEE! I WONDER WHATS INSIDE?


THE DOOR OPENS AND THE BOY GAGS AT THE SIGHT WITHIN. THE OLD MAN HAD GROWN SO HUNGRY THAT HE HAD EATEN HIMSELF!
CHOKE.....
The END

"THE EDITOR REMINISCES"

In 1951, it was difficult to obtain the earliest issues of Entertaining Comics (E.C.'s) because of their immense popularity. What kills me, every time I think of it, is the fact that I could have very easily obtained all of the first, second, third and subsequent books at my local drugstore then. I only touched them, looked at the great covers and quickly put every one back on the rack. My reason for this was due to the fact that my parents only let me read "Donald Duck" and "Bugs Bunny" - Super Heroes, Crime Comics, and all other so-called "bad-influence" books were not "good for me". So, all those early editions regrettably slipped through my fingers, I'm sorry to say.

Not too long after this period in my life, a school chum asked me if I had any comic books. I replied that, yes, I did have some. He was interested in learning if I had any E.C.'s. I told him that I didn't know. Next day, he came to look over my collection and discovered, to his chagrin, that I did not have a single one. Later that same day, we went to see his collection of Entertaining Comics, and he loaned me several copies. From that moment on, I was hooked on E.C. comic books for life. Not many days later, "Haunt of Fear", No. 9, hit the news-stands, and I grabbed my copy. Every single E.C. book ever published since then has been added to my collection.

When the publications were discontinued, I stopped going to the news-stands so regularly twice a week, only checking once in awhile. Time passed: I got married, did my service time in the army, and was divorced. But all the while, I kept a smile on my face, because I could always turn to my E.C. comics for moral support. I had a fellow tell me the same thing several weeks ago - "E.C. comics for moral support!"

For those of you who have never read an E.C. book, let me go into some detail. During the peak years of their existence, these books were created by some of the best artists and writers ever to have worked in the comic book area. All those people who were connected with these particular publications seemed to enjoy every moment of time spent on them, and the finest quality jobs always appeared.

A rare item in comic books, a letter page, appeared in most issues. With this page, the editors communicated with their thousands of readers. With every new issue, every ardent E.C. fan could expect more and more thrills and excitement. Enthusiasm for these wonderful books grew rapidly.

I really loved buying new E.C.'s. I spent a lot of money on them. One day, when I was in the eighth grade, I was carrying a big handful of dimes, and I dropped them all over the floor. My teacher wasn't too crazy about that event, I know. Well, eventually, I had subscriptions to all the titles, and I was often depressed when the mailman arrived empty-handed. I saved every copy and, to this day, need only one issue in particular to complete my collection. If a fire were ever to occur, I would try to save this possession before anything else.

One day, my best friend and I were walking towards my home. I was going to try to trade or sell to him a recently acquired copy of an early "Weird Science". It was the only copy I had, and even now, I don't know why I was tempted to let something so hard to get slip from my hands.

Halfway home, we came across a volunteer fire house. They had just had a paper drive to gather funds. There was, apparently, only a pile of old newspapers collected. We did locate about five or six comic books, however. My friend picked them up first, and, to my dismay, a rare copy of "War Against Crime", No. 1, was in the small bundle. I was really pushed out of shape at missing such a find, and later that day, I decided to keep that old "Weird Science" of mine. If only it could have been my luck to have reached those books first - that valuable volume would have been mine! Anyway, a few years later, my friend sold me his E.C. collection, so everything turned out all right after all.

The entire Entertaining Comics situation was never formed from a definite plan. It was just a project that grew from nothing into something beyond the wildest dreams of all concerned.

The reason I always enjoyed the stories so much was because they were invariably interesting, and many contained a "shock" or "surprise" ending. Frankly, they were just darned good reading material. Occasionally, there were stories or art work I did not care for, but, as has often been said, nobody or anything can be perfect all the time.

One bright and sunny day, I went to my favorite comic book rack in my favorite drugstore. I went over to the refrigerator and took out a chilled bottle of cola and paid for it. At the book rack, I discovered a new issue of "Two-Fisted Tales". I was pleased, as usual. A new E.C. always made me happy. I looked at the Jack Davis cover and turned to the first page. I was shocked as the words, "In Memorium", hit my eyes! "Two-Fisted Tales" is to be discontinued? ! ! The bottle of cola slipped out of my

hand and smashed to bits. I was almost in a state of shock - unaware of the shattered glass and spilled cola - only the words "In Memorium" were real.

From that moment on, one E.C. after another gradually dropped out of the series. The artists and writers, after leaving the discontinued publications, went their own separate ways. Most of them never again seemed to be as enthused about their work. It appears as if the time spent with "Entertaining Comics" books were the "fun" days and are now gone forever.

I remember one advertisement for an issue of "The Vault of Horror". A man was walking through a doorway with a meat cleaver embedded in the middle of his forehead. When the book was published, the meat cleaver was gone and replaced with some white lines. I still don't know what happened to the cleaver, or why, but someday we should be given the answer to this puzzle. This sort of drastic and arbitrary censorship was the beginning of the end for E.C.'s.

A few final comments on E.C.'s:

> Let's see, now - - - - there were three horror books, two war books, two science fiction books, two humor books, and two suspense books.
>
> Who were these people - - the "Vault Keeper", the "Crypt Keeper", and the "Old Witch"? They were the characters who told the horror stories. All **three** did a grand job, and they will always be my friends. I think it **would** have been nice if they could have had their own television show - an anthology style of program, let's say. I believe it could have been an original and successful presentation. If those of you who have never had an opportunity to read an E.C. comic can obtain one, please do so, and you will understand what I am talking about.

For all E.C. fans everywhere, and for myself, I still dream of the day when the entire collection can be reprinted, so that even more people can also know and enjoy them. I would love to see a regular magazine size re-issue started containing just the works of those great E.C. artists and writers. There is a good possibility that an E.C. hard-cover book will be a reality in the near future. Bill Gaines, who is editor of E.C. comics, has contacted Nostalgia Press and, if it can be worked out, the book will eventually be printed.

Since I created the San Francisco Comic Book Company, I have discovered that,

of all the comic books published in the past, the most popular ones are the original "Captain Marvel"; "Donald Duck and "Uncle Scrooge" (Disney Productions); and the best of the old Entertaining Comics.

The comic book of today has never achieved, as yet, the quality of the high standards once contained in the old E.C.'s, but there are signs of slowly developing improvement. New and better artists are appearing on the scene rapidly. What is now desparately needed is a line-up of good writers with new and original ideas.

Twelve A.M. Productions is proud to present this first edition of "Bogeyman Comics". Writer-artist Rory Hayes is new to you, the reading public, but has been creating his own comic books, stories, and movies for years. Mr. Hayes was responsible for the greatest part of the work for this premiere issue, but will have more help on the second issue.

Half of the next book has been completed as this first issue goes to press, and the results really look great. Issue No. 2 will contain a very long letter page, so please send us your opinions. They will be welcomed.

We have plans for a second title coming up, but can't let you in on the secret as yet. We want to keep our creations as original in concept as possible. In time, if we find out we are unable to achieve a quality equal in comparison to the old E.C. books, we will try to work towards some other goal. Ideas for new and different horror, science fiction, and shock motion pictures are planned, once our comic book line is established.

GARY E. ARLINGTON, EDITOR

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